ISSUE 4

THE DREAMWORM

UMBILICAL -DISCORD-

THE DREAM WORM

I woke up with a pain I'd never felt before. A bitter shock of blue, beating dull shallow waves and fading into tight nightmare breathing. It was all wrong. All of it. I woke up too soon. How was I to know that they only surface when we are sunk in the deepest caverns of sleep. They explore our world as far as they can, before we wake. Before it's not safe anymore.

In abruptly closing the door to my dreams, I cut off its tail. Some sort of dream worm. Crystalline fluid seeping out of its wound. Smell of distant thunderstorm. A sonic shape wriggling. Its colours shifting around into patterns and forms I'd never imagined. If it wasn't for the immense pain that awoke me, I'd still believe I was dreaming. But I felt awake; pain always makes one feel awake.

It stopped moving and faced me. I looked at its translucent, manifold skin and it spoke to me. Its body failed to move but I heard the voice in my head. At first I couldn't understand it, but could feel tongues of black silk, soft as star-shine. After a moment, like the tuning of a radio, it became a piercing turquoise sound accompanied with faint hum of distant world.

It warned me of an immense energy. An almighty cosmic body. An entity fallen from higher planes. Sinking to ours. It described this entity as ineffably misshapen with leagues of scorched flesh wrapped in a tangled labyrinth of unhewn tendrils. Like vile cat whiskers, they protrude, reaching out to corrupt time and space. Bulbous lumps of misery form mountain ranges on the colossal fiend while ruins of ancient cities adorn its flesh. If one were to explore these cities that were abandoned aeons before humankind was even conceived, I wonder what unimaginable secrets one would find, and what godforsaken monstrosities exist there?

As the worm continued to explain to me, I could feel my mind unfurling as the incongruous image of this looming thing became clearer. I could see its one defining facial feature, a soulless non-eye the size of the sun. A space of pure emptiness that instilled a truly universal empathy in me, and then crushed it.

I could see it holding onto or attached to a sort of ghastly ovoid container, equally vast in size. An embryonic planet? It seemed frozen in the early stages of its development—against its will. What horrors lay within this sack of obscene proto-matter? What dreadful existence could this unspeakable thing that is beyond human imagination birth into?

My feeble body could take no more as I felt like I aged tremendously in the space of minutes. The worm told me that this it would reach our world soon, but could not say exactly when as it lacked words pertaining to time in its dream language.

I asked what can be done about this wretched nightmare entity and what will happen when it arrives here. The colour of the worms voice dulled as it said that our neglected dimension has been found and to accept the fall. As if reading my mind the worm continued by saying that even if I were to take my own life, I still would not be safe.

That was the last thing the worm communicated to me, as the wound I inadvertently gave to it led to its death. If only its body was still here, then my madness would be justified, but it faded with soft pastel tones resembling a gentle awakening.

This knowledge haunts me. My attempts at doubting that I came into contact with this creature from a distant dreamland fails. I knew it was real. Inside me, towering archaic doors revealing infallible feelings of cosmic fear were now opened.

One look at the changes in our world is enough to see that what I say is true. Something unutterable is rapidly approaching us, and there's nothing we can do about it.

Alert! Mental contagion detected! Your subconscious has been breached by a U.D. Parasite.

Analysis indicates U.D. Parasite feeding off cells in the left amygdala of the brain, replacing them with emulsified Umwelt Collections.

Urgent action is needed to prevent dissomnia ionisation.

Use provided handheld life support device to scan the code and begin process to locate and eradicate U.D. Parasite in your subconscious system.

Time is running out!

THE ISLAND REPEAT

12:00

A piece of text. You've seen it before? It's like something you walked on in the past. A big past of what you used to be. Vision of weird and **hiddesible** horrible death from outside grief. Mr. G and Mr. B's polemic technique.

A sun as beautiful as it is deadly stares down at you. Glare of prismatic tiger. Dripping memories on dehydrated skin—don't pull the trigger Mersault, it's only man's offspring.

TRAILING THE DREAMLANDS

You feel sick and disorientated. Where are you? Looking around you see no human shapes... only bliss. You smell dusty perfume of flowers and yet see none. Is it about to rain? Distant monument... distance, two songs away.

The last time we met was a year ago. In a house. Universe and uranium. He was livid.

"—is the conquest of the universe. But who's universe? A person of health has no reason to see... that the empire is a louse."

TWO YELLOW CARS FORNICATING IN THE BLACK SUN

Never comfortable in a church. Every one seems to lead directly to constant stain rattling of 13. Looking for the second W.B. In the wrong place.

Two cats. Razkolnikov and Razumhkin. Russian names... why are they staring at me? Have I interrupted a whisker ritual? Who let these cats in a church. Isn't it blasphemous to have agents of darksidemoon in a **holy** place?

A third cat... somewhere. A Russian name beginning with P. Walk away from arcane ritual—don't look back. Knock over a few things. Head west. Counterclockwise route sowing distant alleys into final resting shape.

NIAGA GNINEPPAH S'TI

How many—I can see failure and.. unkind melancholy. Coffin tree. I am disciplined. There is no repeat. In this. I am... it developed a new word, every gesture. Arduous work, things about disorder and violence might suddenly do something. People of a horror, name? Pushkin.

LAST MAN ALIVE

CHAPTER 2

MAR 91

D R A G N E T

It's time.

The search must continue.
I must go forth.
And see what lies beyond the overcast sky.

A stream of madness.
Makes itself known within me.
An undercurrent.
Growing.
It shifts and wanders aimlessly.
Like a reflection of...

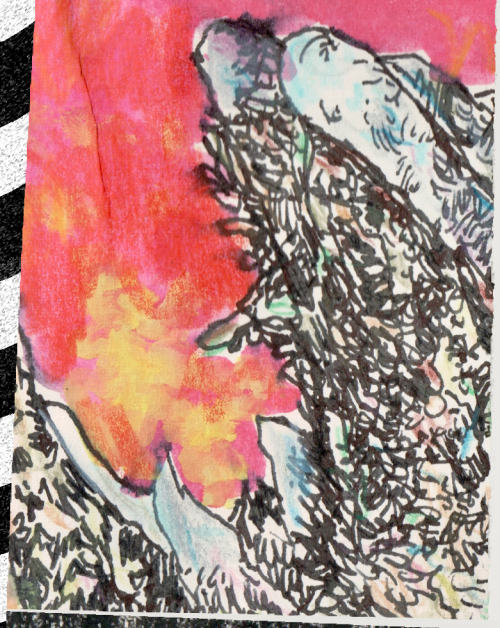
After the first world ended.
By a wave of the Spectacle's cataclysmic hand.
A new one.
This colourful mass of day-glo ephemera.
Foams up around the corpse of the ancient world.
Pulling me in.

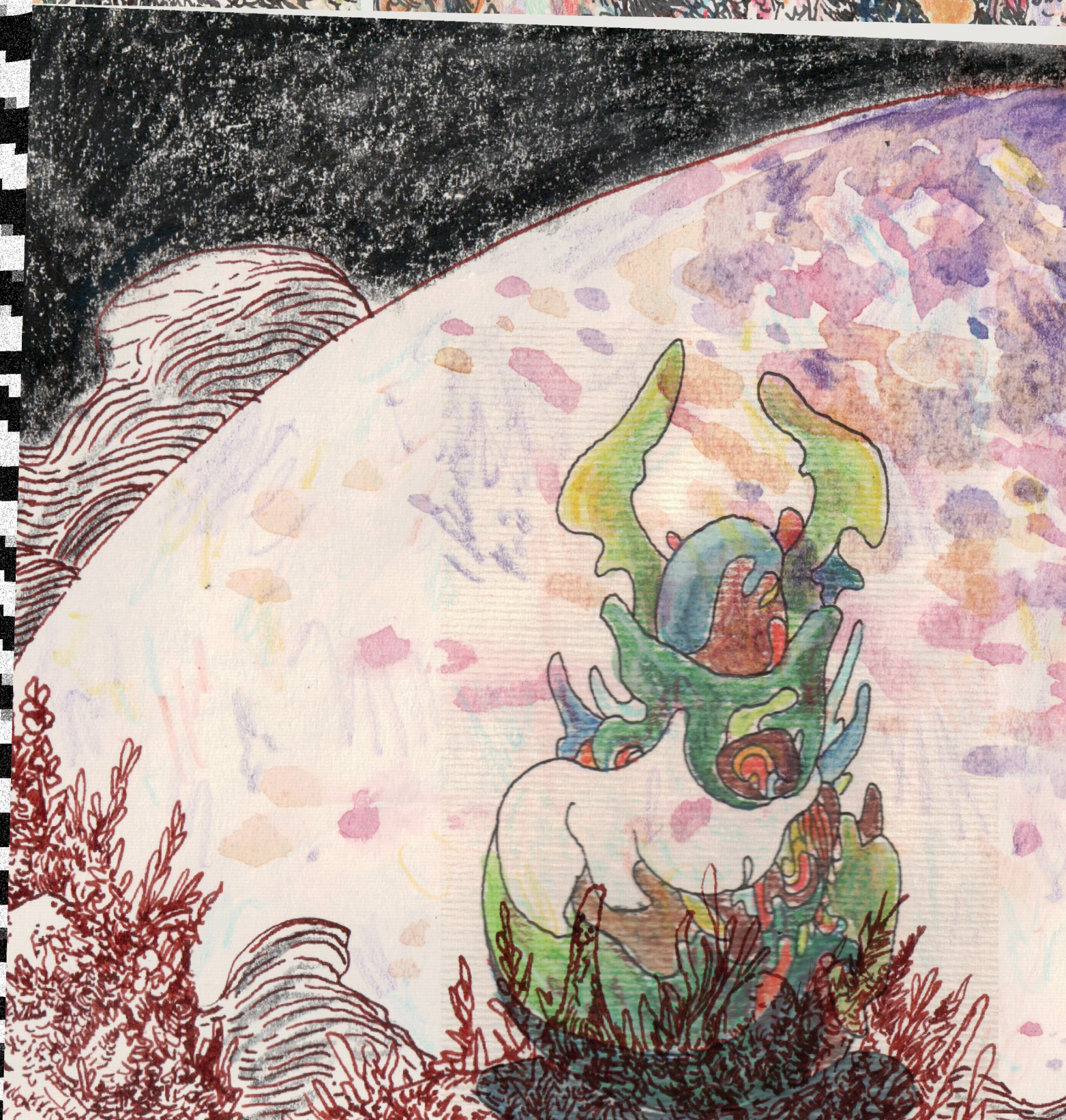
I will search for meaning.
In blind existence.
But... will I find it?
Will I find anything?
Is the force of decay too far gone?

I sense a malicious presence up ahead.
An angular prison.
Forces of contradiction.
Held together by bleak whispers.

Are these vibrations.
Something long gone.
A former life?
They seem like they are..
Are everything.

It's time.





A New Man

Towering
above
a totem pole
shade enriched
for those below.

Monument to the Dove

To have the Dove as
A companion is to fly
through life like an Icarus
who can reach the sun

C e l e s Tia l

A prison for the animals,
can not contain her
future, that shines like
a galaxy's tears of joy

LandMark

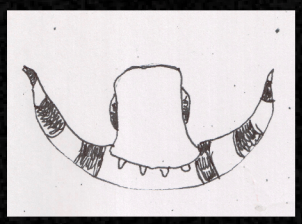
aLong the road,
on a bridge Worth
traveling, the living
glue holds form

J.C.

Gold of the
Chrysalis;
Incubator of
Unborn stars

Jones Lock

Diabolical rhythm
enforcing the
immense value
of laughter.



Kristell Clear Gratitude

Dreaming of the old
mountain, her lucid
insight births a song
that lets pages grow

C.S

Chaos Fact Fiction

UMBILICAL DISCO

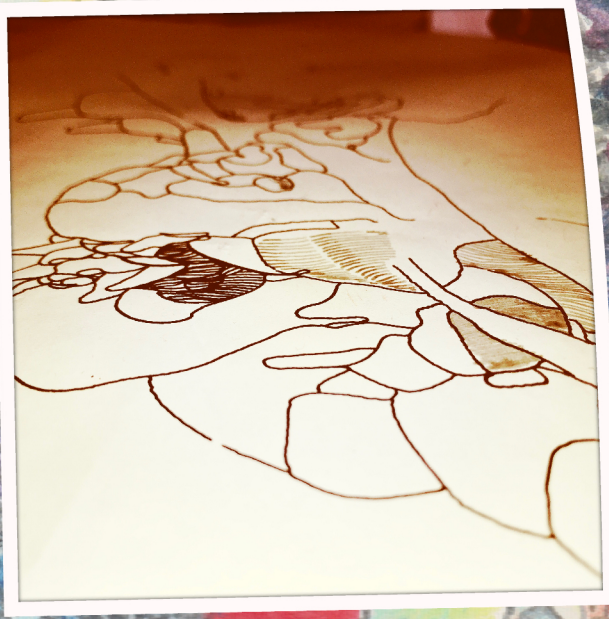
PLAYLIST

NW ↑ A?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SHEM SHELLEY DIED MANY YEARS AGO? UMBILICAL DISCORD IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF HIS ZOMBIE SOUL...

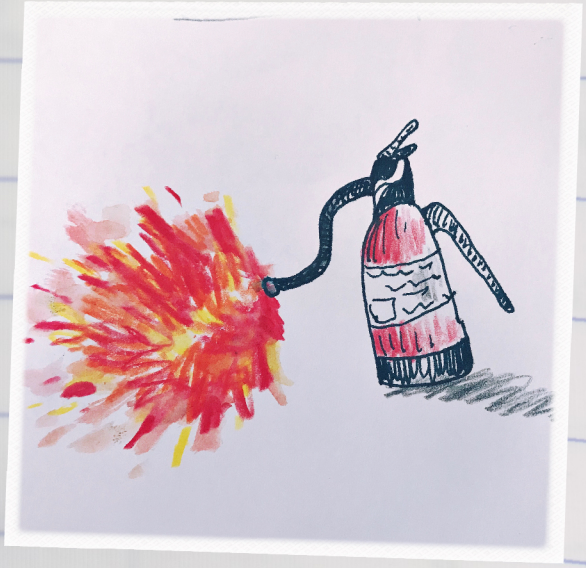
BUT HIS DEMISE WAS INEFFECTUAL



Claim your

FREE GIFT*

Reverse Fire Extinguisher



The best way to fight fire... is with fire!

*only free to non-human entities

'There were always problems paying the bills'